Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halte-cheek Bitte, and a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrained to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, and the humor of fourty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, and not like a Christian foot-boy, or a Gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion, yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his backe.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd as I wish you were.

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my louely bride?
How does my father? gentles me thinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Comet, or vnusuall prodigie?

Bap.

Bap. Why sir, you know this
First were we sad, fearing you w
Now sadder that you come so vn
Fie, doff this habit, shame to you
An eye-sore to our solemne festi
Tra. And tell vs what occasi
Hath all so long detain'd you fr
And sent you hither so vnlike yo
Petr. Tedious it were to tell,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my
Though in some part inforced t
Which at more leisure I will so
As you shall well be satisfied wit
But where is *Kate*? I stay too lo
The morning weares, 'tis time w
Tra. See not your Bride in th
Goe to my chamber, put on clot
Pet. Not, I believe me, thus
Bap. But thus I trust you wil
Pet. Good sooth euen thus
To me she's married not vnto my
Could I repaire what she will we
As I can change these poore acco
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better
But what a foole am I to chat wi
When I should bid good morrow
And seale the title with a louely
Tra. He hath some meaning i
We will perswade him be it poss
To put on better ere he goto Ch
Bap. Ile after him, and see the
Tra. But sir, Loue concernet
Her fathers liking, which to brin
As before imparted to your worsh
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him t
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance heere in *Pad*
Of greater summes then I haue pr

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